Joseph M. Freeman, Atty,

c/o M. Frankenstein

137 South Main St.,

Memphis, Tenn.

Thursday Jan 16-19

dear Lou:—

Late yesterday afternoon I was pleasantly surprised to receive a second letter from you, so you see, if Monday was a "red" letter day for you, yesterday was mine. However, to-day I have to pay the piper — no mail at all.

I'm happy that the letters made you feel better. I certainly will write every day until you yell — Stop! I expected that my letter of the 9th would reach you Saturday and was so worried for fear you may not have stopped in the store until Monday and they, not

knowing that your aunt, back, would destroy the letter.

It is mightily nice of your uncle to offer to make my clothes, and tell him I thank him immensely. But honey, you know, I can't come down as I am. I simply must have some clothes. And that's what worries me, and I tell you just why. Beginning with Monday, I am going to occupy the room. That means that I'll not be able to go home very often, as they are sure to see whether I am using the room or not. I must have a machine to sew, and, as you know, there is very little possibility of having one here. While I will have a lot of time to my self, I won't be able to put it to advantage. I will try occasionally to run up to Ray's but there is the idea of coming back to sleep in the Hosp. and I don't relish the thought of coming from 23rd St Station to the hospital alone. Mom was rather angry with me for bothering about the room at all. Mom said I ought to come home every night, eat supper there or not, just as I pleased. That would only amount to my car-fare you see. But I cannot make up my mind to do it – why should I put mom to all the bother and extra expense when I can get all this without any trouble to anyone or expense to my self? I was over to see the folks (mine) yesterday and they made me stay over night. You know how hard the skiing is – and how cold the room is. So while it is very nice of mom, still I don't see why I should do it. The only solution I can find is to do what I can, and then when I have decided to give up my job to zero. The only objection is, dear – that I know I will want to rush right down to you

and burnt them. We had some fun. Some of them I let Nell read. I thought — some least of some I must have had, to have remained cool and unruffled to such tender love missives. In every letter he asked me when am I going to make a trip South. Pretty soon, now, but believe me, not to Atlanta, but to ——— where? — honey? I put into a box all my letters to you. And your letters to me, I arranged according to dates. By that time it was most 12 — too late to start to reread them but I am going to take them down to my room in the Hospital and move them once and I going to read them over!

You have a "scrap" for me? Very well, then "Rest Iso"! Now you see, dear, you have to tell me your scrap first and then I let you have yours. In the next letter, please, may I expect them?

As to your picture, honey, I sure want the clipping when you have your write up. I, too, think the picture wonderful. I have already framed it and have it on the

as soon as I can. I will see what I can do.

Pop received your letter yesterday. He sure was happy to hear from you. I told mom and Pop what wonderful prospects you have and they sure were happy. Mom says she hopes ~~that~~ and is sure that I will soon be with you. I hope so, dear.

Last night when I went to bed, in the fleecy hour I missed you! Sometimes I imagined I felt your arms embracing me, and when I would cuddle up into them, I found ~~that it~~ was only my thoughts and I was all alone. And yet I could feel your arms creeping about me so distinctly. Oh, honey dear, I do hope you will soon have me in your arms and hug me and hug me. I do miss you, dear.

Do you know how I spent the evening? I reached up in the closet to get the keys of the Buffet, intending to do some sewing when I saw that big bundle of letters from Jack waiting. Well down they came, I reread them tore them up,

dresser. Either I lost one, or else someone "swiped" it. The one I intended giving Ray I lost.

How did you make out on L. Taylor's proposition? I do hope honey you land it. I have been wondering what you have been doing. Mr. Lagaer is certainly treating you nicely. In fact, they all are. Well, honey you deserve it. Have you had anymore cases? The "3" I'll bet looked like 10 to you. Just as to your uncle — well — he is surely acting like a prince. I can picture the surprise of the Bean to see you. Did you pay him the money you owed him? That just shows you what Ray is. — remember how he told you he was just "moping" up? How about Herman Goldberger? You haven't mentioned him at all. Is he married, dead, or in the army!

I am greatly worried over the news in to-day's paper. Peace does not look quite so permanent now, does it, dear? I wish, if you only can, that you would get into communication with Leiber again and see if you can't get a complete discharge. As it is, you know dear, they can call on you at any time. If you should have to, I had forbid! — go again, that will be the last straw — I could never stand it. So do what you can while the doing is good, won't you, honey!

How is my honey boy feeling? Still nervous? I dare not ask lonesome. I have been wondering about cigarettes. Are you

smoking then, Jack? Remember to answer that question. Don't smoke too much, do you hear?

Ross called me up this morning to tell me I was received 7 letters yesterday. The first arrived, as I told you yesterday before I left. She also wanted to know if I were coming home tonight. She said they missed me — particularly she as we have been coming home together in the morning.

Shall close now, precious, with all my love, hugs and kisses.

Yours only
Frances.

Bertha & Lena have asked me to send their love to you. What do you know about that! The vampires! I forgot it yesterday.